
Title: A Lady's Journal

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May 1:

This winter has been so hard on poor Erric. My failing health distresses him, though he tries hard to hide it from me. He carries on as though I will get better soon,

buying me gifts to wear when we celebrate an occasion that we both know will never happen. Today it was an enormous diamond pendant on a chain encrusted with even more

diamonds (too many to count!). I hate to think about what he spent on it, especially after all the money that has gone to the mages and healers seeking to find a cure for this wasting disease.

May 20:

Erric seems to be hard at work, although he only smiles and says nothing when I ask him what he is up to. He locks himself in the study for hours at a time, coming

out only to sit at my bedside while I take my medicines and teas. It tends to worry me somewhat, as lately there is an odd gleam in his eyes, as though he is hiding something from me

that I would be displeased to discover.

June 4:

Maybe it is just my
imagination, or the effect
my health has had on the
household, but our servant

seems to have a cloud
over her usually sunny
disposition of late. Her
brow is often furrowed
when she thinks I am not
looking. She has been
quite amazing these past
few weeks, stolidly

enduring the unpleasant
tasks and clean up
associated with my illness;
the soiled cloths and
waters that result from
my constant coughing of
blood. She does
everything without

complaint, and does her
best to appear cheerful
and optimistic, but I
cannot shake the feeling
that she is concerned,
and not merely about my
failing health.

June 21:

My time is coming soon.
No one can deny this
now, but my husband's
reaction is not what I
would have expected. He
seems almost...excited, and
it troubles me deeply. For

the last month or so I
have heard odd noises
late at night from the
study: strange words
being shouted, and the
occasional breaking of
glass. I have asked him
repeatedly to tell me

what is going on, but
each time he feigns
ignorance. He seems
oddly confident, and
repeatedly tells me that
all is fine. When I try
to talk about my

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too long. May he forgive
me for leaving this way...